

MASTER OF
KUNG FU

MARVEL COMICS GROUPTM



32
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THE HANDS OF SHANG-CHI,

MASTER OF KUNG FUTM

MARTIAL-
ARTS
MAYHEM
AT ITS STEEL-
SMASHING
BEST!

ASSAULT
ON AN
ANGRY SEA!

KANE +
ESPOSITO

"Call me Shang-Chi, as my *father* did, when he raised me and molded my mind and my body in the vacuum of his Honan, China, retreat. I learned many things from my father: That my name means "The Rising and Advancing of a Spirit," that my body could be forged into a living weapon through the discipline of kung fu, and that it might be used for the murder of a man called Dr. Petrie.
"Since then, I have learned that my father is Dr. Fu Manchu ... the most insidiously evil man on earth... and that to *honor* him would bring nothing but *dishonor* to the spirit of my name."

Stan Lee PRESENTS: MASTER OF KUNG FU!™

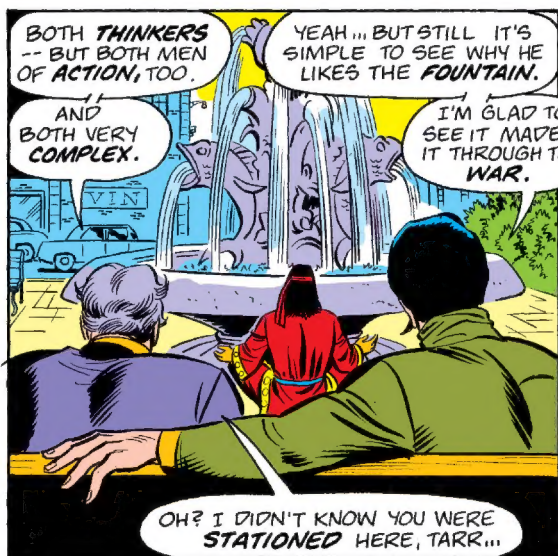
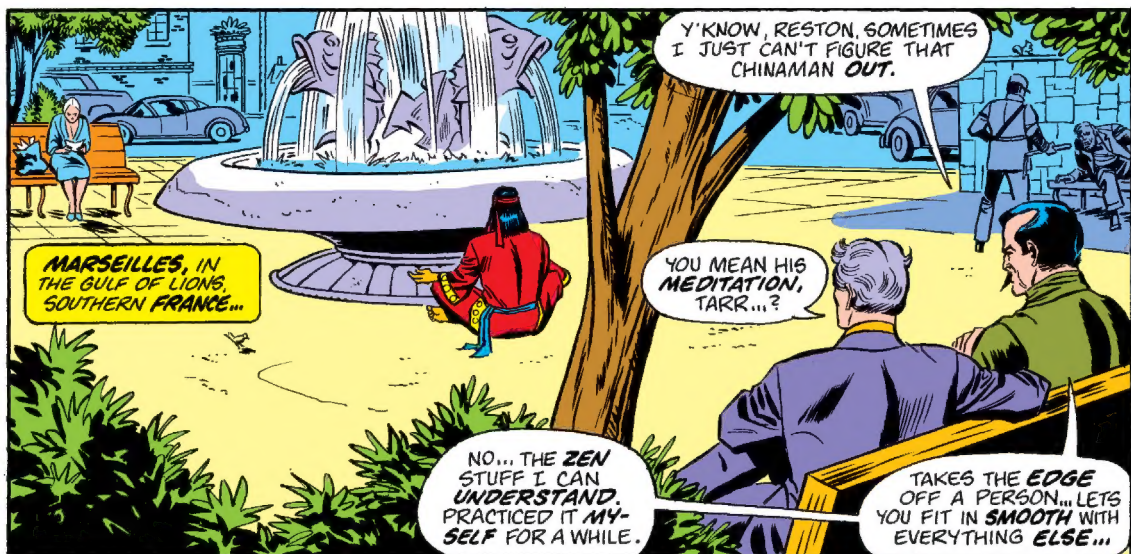
PRESENTING: A BROODINGLY
DIFFERENT TALE OF MYSTERY,
INTRIGUE, AND MARTIAL ARTS
ACTION...

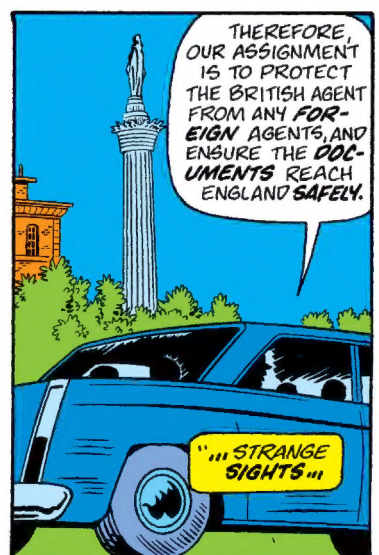
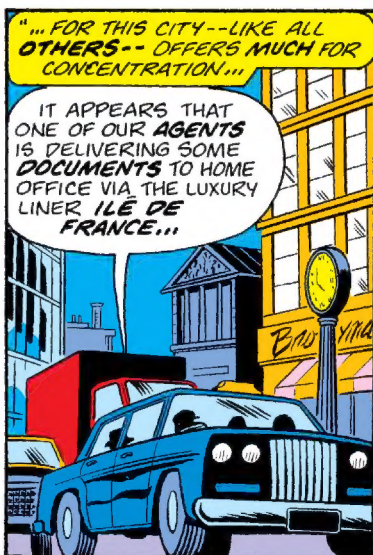
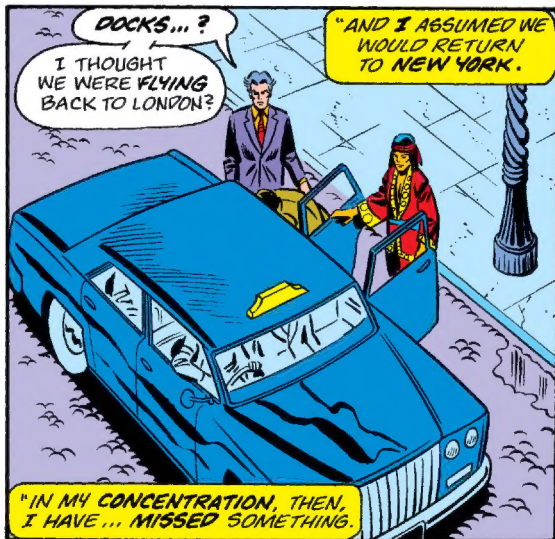
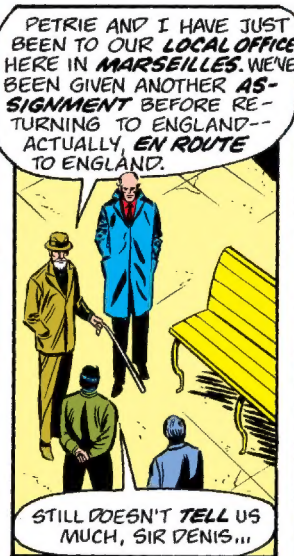
ASSAULT ON AN ANGRY SEA!



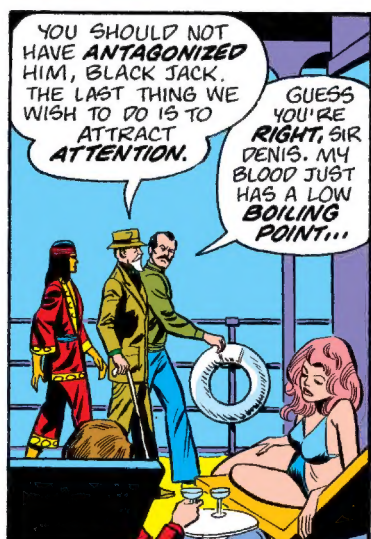
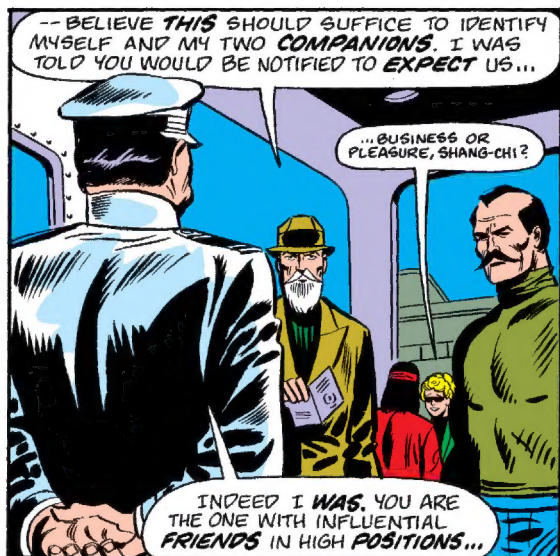
FEATURING
SUPPORTING
CHARACTERS
CREATED BY
SAX
ROHMER

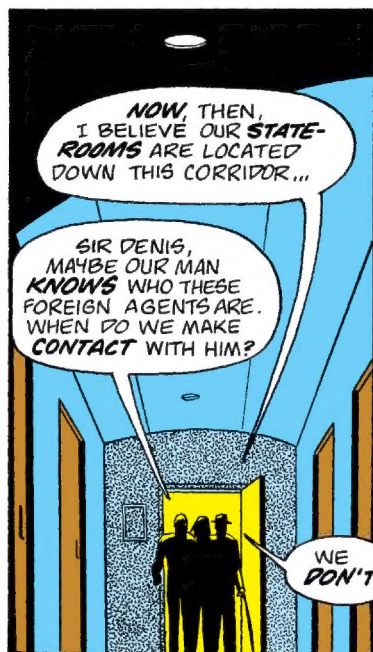
DOUG MOENCH
- WRITER -
SAL BUSCEMA
- BREAKDOWNS -
MIKE ESPOSITO
- FINISHED ART -
KAREN MANTLO
- LETTERER -
GEORGE ROUSSOS
- COLORIST -
LEN WEIN
- EDITOR -











NOW, THEN, I BELIEVE OUR **STATE-ROOMS** ARE LOCATED DOWN THIS CORRIDOR...

SIR DENIS, MAYBE OUR MAN **KNOWS** WHO THESE FOREIGN AGENTS ARE. WHEN DO WE MAKE **CONTACT** WITH HIM?

WE **DON'T**.



WHY **NOT--?**

BECAUSE WE NO LONGER KNOW WHO HE OR SHE **IS**. EVEN **HOME OFFICE** HASN'T A CLUE. THE DOCUMENTS HAVE BEEN PASSED FROM HAND TO HAND AT LEAST A **DOZEN TIMES**.

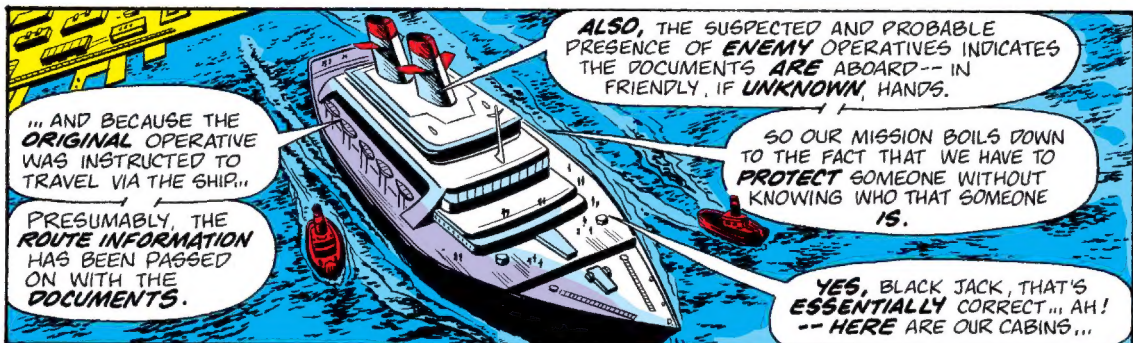
THEREFORE, THE AGENT PRESENTLY IN **POSSESSION** OF THEM COULD BE ANY OF A **DOZEN DIFFERENT PERSONS**.



INDEED, IT IS CONCEIVABLE THAT OUR OPERATIVE NEVER EVEN MADE IT **ABOARD** THIS SHIP.

THEN WHY ARE WE **WASTING OUR TIME** HERE--?

BECAUSE WE CANNOT AFFORD TO **TAKE CHANCES**, **BLACK JACK**...



... AND BECAUSE THE **ORIGINAL OPERATIVE** WAS INSTRUCTED TO TRAVEL VIA THE SHIP...

PRESUMABLY, THE **ROUTE INFORMATION** HAS BEEN PASSED ON WITH THE **DOCUMENTS**.

ALSO, THE SUSPECTED AND PROBABLE PRESENCE OF **ENEMY OPERATIVES** INDICATES THE DOCUMENTS **ARE** ABOARD-- IN FRIENDLY, IF **UNKNOWN**, HANDS.

SO OUR MISSION BOILS DOWN TO THE FACT THAT WE HAVE TO **PROTECT** SOMEONE WITHOUT KNOWING WHO THAT SOMEONE **IS**.

YES, **BLACK JACK**, THAT'S **ESSENTIALLY CORRECT**... AH! -- **HERE ARE OUR CABINS**...



I SUGGEST WE **REFRESH OURSELVES** AND MEET IN THE **DINING AREA** AT **EIGHT O'CLOCK**.

SURE, SIR DENIS...

... **SURE**.



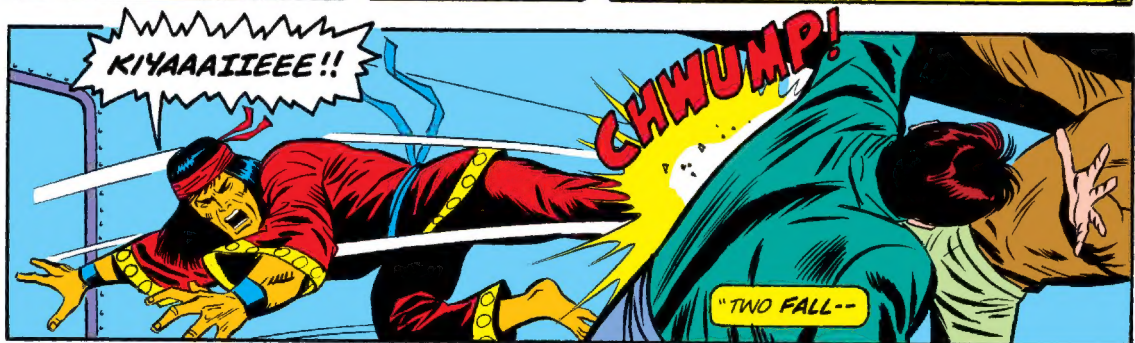
Y'KNOW, CHINAMAN, I THOUGHT **YOU** WERE A PUZZLE... BUT SOME-TIMES IT'S **SIR DENIS** WHO **REALLY** TAKES THE CAKE. AND **RUNS** WITH IT.

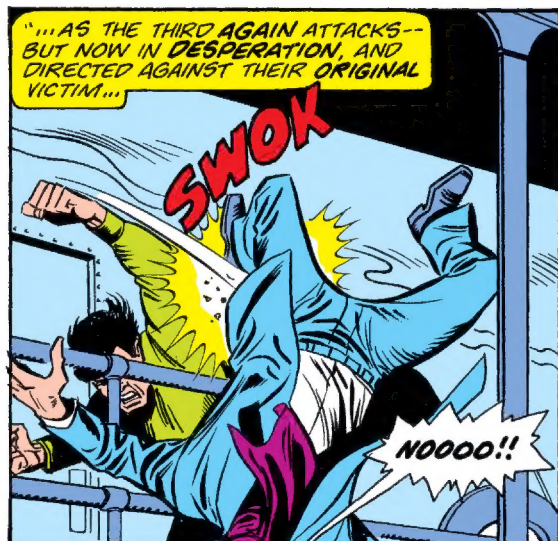
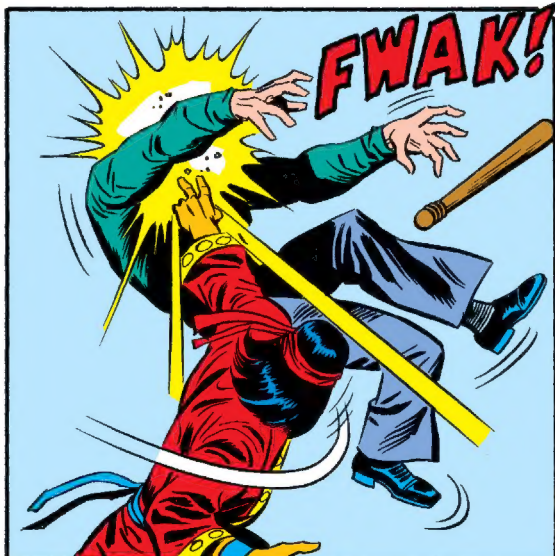
WELL, SEE YOU AT **EIGHT**.

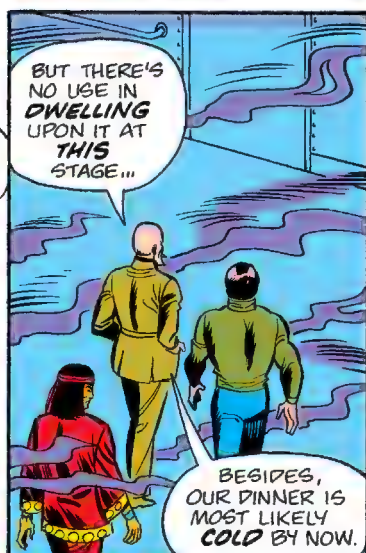
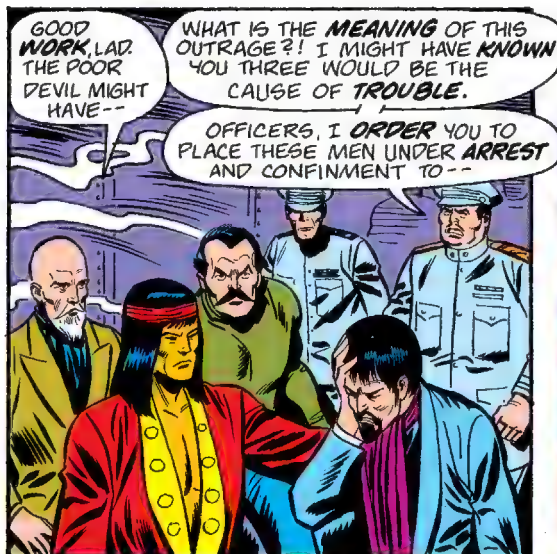


"SMITH HAS GIVEN US MUCH TO **PONDER**. BUT MY MIND CONTINUES TO DWELL ON THE **GIRL**, AND HOW SHE SEEMED TO--











"BUT INSIDE--

IT'S MORE THAN COLD,
SIR DENIS-- IT'S
DESTROYED.

LOOKS LIKE YOUR
LITTLE TUSSEL OUT
ON THE DECK WAS JUST
A DECOY, CHI...



... TO LURE US
AWAY FROM THE
REAL ACTION IN
HERE--!



WAITER-- WHAT'S
HAPPENED HERE?

MEN IN
BLACK
HOOPS--!

THEY
RUSHED IN--
ABDUCTED THE
YOUNG BLIND
WOMAN!



THEN
SHE IS
OUR
AGENT.

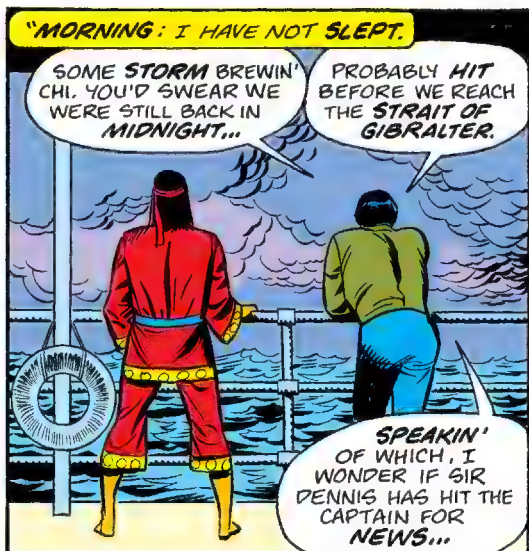
PERHAPS... AND
PERHAPS HER AB-
DUCTORS MERELY
RECOGNIZED US--
AND DAMNED HER
BY ASSOCIATION.
SITTING AT OUR
TABLE...

IT MAY HAVE APPEARED
SHE WAS MAKING A CON-
TACT WITH US ...



WELL, THE SHIP'S
ONLY SO BIG.
THEY CAN'T
HAVE GONE
FAR...

AND AS DISTASTEFUL AS
THE TASK MAY BE, I'LL BEST
GO INFORM THE CAPTAIN TO
BEGIN A SEARCH.



"MORNING: I HAVE NOT SLEPT.

SOME STORM BREWIN'
CHI. YOU'D SWEAR WE
WERE STILL BACK IN
MIDNIGHT...

PROBABLY HIT
BEFORE WE REACH
THE STRAIT OF
GIBRALTER.

SPEAKIN'
OF WHICH, I
WONDER IF SIR
DENNIS HAS HIT THE
CAPTAIN FOR
NEWS...



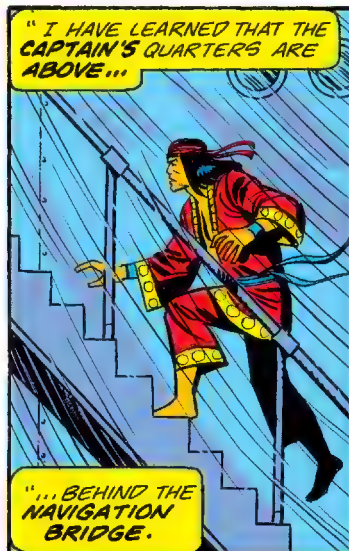
LESS THAN TWO
MINUTES AGO,
BLACK JACK--AND
IT'S ALL BAD
NEWS.

THE CREW
HAS SEARCHED
ALL NIGHT...



... AND THERESE BESWICK
IS NOWHERE TO BE
FOUND.

THEN THEY
GOT THE PAPERS
FROM HER-- AND
THREW HER
OVERBOARD.







"AND MOVING TOO CLOSE--"



"-- TO IGNORE."

"NOW, THE STAIRS TO THE NAVIGATION BRIDGE HAVE BEEN CLEARED."

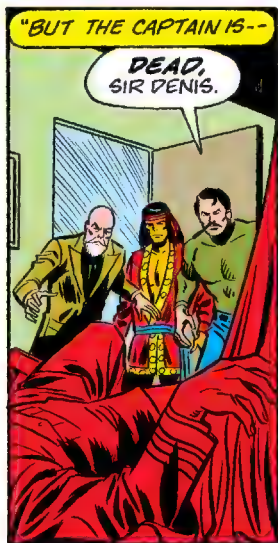
HYAAH!



WAIT, LAD--!

IF ALL THESE CREWMEN ATTACKED YOU--

-- THERE IS NO WAY OF KNOWING HOW DANGEROUS THE CAPTAIN MAY BE--!



"BUT THE CAPTAIN IS--"

DEAD, SIR DENIS.



BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE SEEN A BODY CUT UP THAT BAD.

YES...

THE WOUNDS WERE APPARENTLY INFLICTED BY LONG DAGGERS...



THAT CINCHES IT. NO ORDINARY BLIND GIRL COULD OVERPOWER A BLOKE AS BIG AS THIS...

AND NO ORDINARY BLIND GIRL PACKS DAGGERS IN THE BACK OF HER GIRDLE.



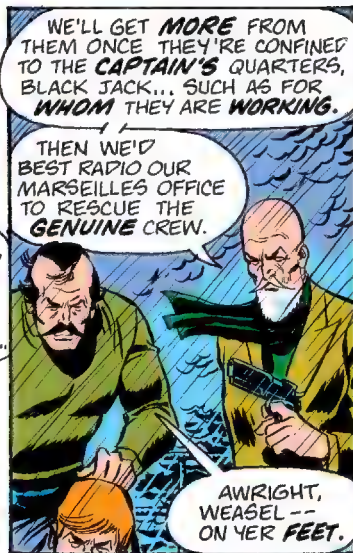
BE THAT AS IT MAY, BLACK JACK...

...WE SHALL GET MORE CONCLUSIVE ANSWERS FROM THE BOGUS CREWMEN.



WHERE ARE THE REAL CAPTAIN AND CREW OF THIS VESSEL?

STILL ALIVE... HELD CAPTIVE... TEN KILOMETERS OUTSIDE MARSEILLES...



WE'LL GET MORE FROM THEM ONCE THEY'RE CONFINED TO THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS, BLACK JACK... SUCH AS FOR WHOM THEY ARE WORKING.

THEN WE'D BEST RADIO OUR MARSEILLES OFFICE TO RESCUE THE GENUINE CREW.

AWRIGHT, WEASEL -- ON YER FEET.

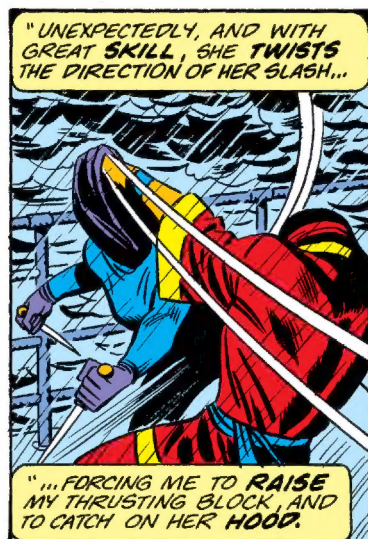
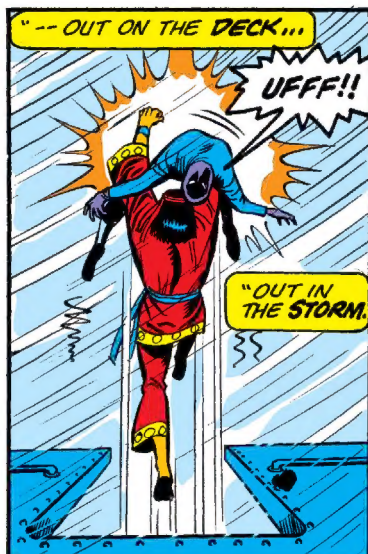
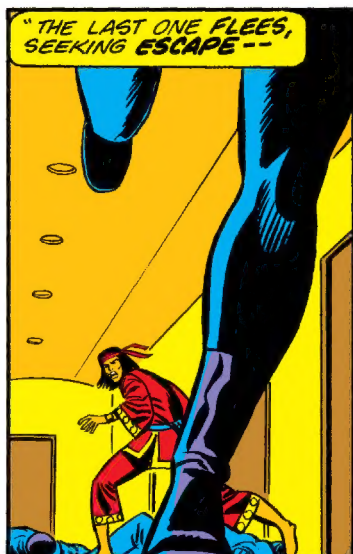


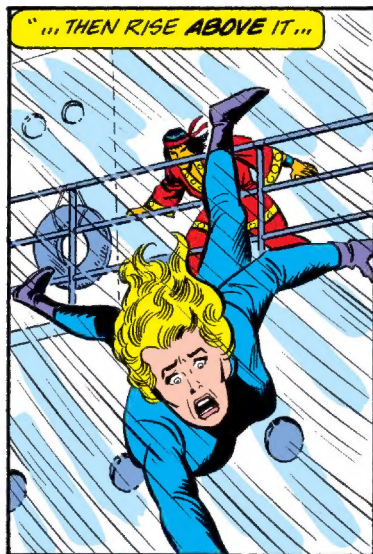
SHANG-CHI -- WHERE ARE YOU GOING, LAD?

TO FIND THE GIRL.

"THE STORM GROWS WORSE."



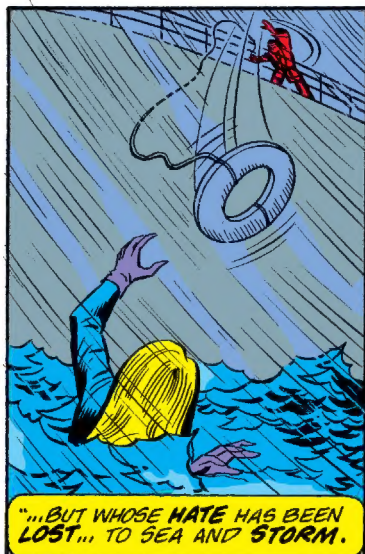




"... THEN RISE ABOVE IT ..."



"... GRASPING THAT WHICH
WILL RESCUE THE ONE
WHOSE SIGHT HAS RETURNED..."



"... BUT WHOSE HATE HAS BEEN
LOST... TO SEA AND STORM."



"LATER..."

THEN YOUR
"ARISTOCRAT'S"
STORY WAS
PHONEY.

HE IS
OUR
AGENT,
SIR
DENIS...



BUT I TELL YOU
I KNOW **NOTHING**
OF ANY PAPERS
OR DOCUMENTS
WHATSOEVER..!
WHY DO YOU
PERSIST IN--



AW, COME **OFF** IT, FAUNTLE-
ROY. THERE AIN'T NO **NEED**
FOR YER COVER **NOW**. WE'VE
ALREADY **ROUNDED UP** THE
WHOLE ARMY OF SPIES--
FROM THREE DIFFERENT
COUNTRIES,
NO LESS.

YOU CAN
ADMIT TO
US--

STOP IT,
BLACK JACK.



HE'S TELLING THE **TRUTH**.
HE'S **NOT** THE BRITISH
OPERATIVE.

THEN
WHO IN
RUDDY
BLAZES
IS--?!



I
AM.

YOU--?!

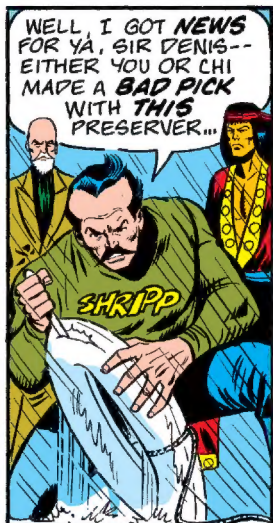
YES. HOME
OFFICE ADVISED ME
TO TELL **NO ONE...**
NOT EVEN **YOU**,
OLD FRIEND.



THEN YOU HAVE THE DOCUMENTS,
SIR DENIS?

I
HAD
THEM.

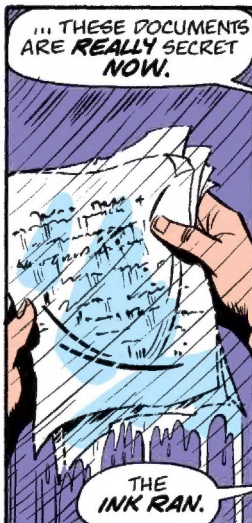
BUT FOR
THE PURPOSE OF
SAFEKEEPING, I
HID THEM LAST
NIGHT IN THAT **LIFE**
PRESERVER.



WELL, I GOT **NEWS** FOR YA, SIR DENIS-- EITHER YOU OR CHI MADE A **BAD PICK** WITH **THIS PRESERVER...**

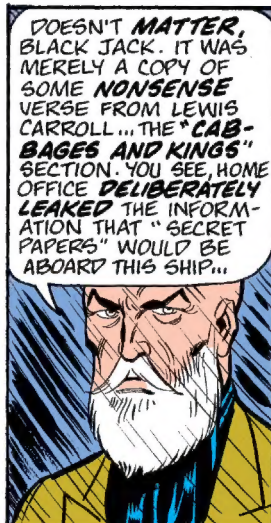


... CUZ BETWEEN THE **STORM** AND TOSSIN' IT INTO THE **SEA...**



... THESE DOCUMENTS ARE **REALLY SECRET NOW.**

THE **INK RAN.**



DONEN'T **MATTER**, BLACK JACK. IT WAS MERELY A COPY OF SOME **NONSENSE** VERSE FROM LEWIS CARROLL... THE "**CAB-BAGES AND KINGS**" SECTION. YOU SEE, HOME OFFICE **DELIBERATELY** **LEAKED** THE INFORMATION THAT "SECRET PAPERS" WOULD BE ABOARD THIS SHIP...



... SO WE COULD THEN ROUNO UP ANY FOREIGN AGENTS WHO TOOK THE **BAIT--** AND CAME ABOARD LIKE **RATS** TRAPPED ON A **SHIP.**

IF THAT DON'T TAKE THE **BLOODY CAKE--!**

WAP!



EASY, BLACK JACK. IT **DID** NET US SOME RATHER DANGEROUS CHARACTERS, INCLUDING MISS **THERESE BESWICK--** WHOSE DOZEN **ALIASES** ALL TRACE BACK TO THE **KGB.**

YEAH...WELL, SINCE IT LOOKS LIKE THIS **STORM** AIN'T ABOUT TO **END** SOON...

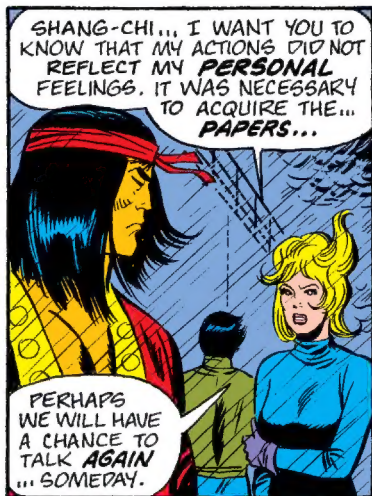


...ANY OF YOU **KNOW** ANYTHING ABOUT **SAILING** A TUB THIS BIG--?



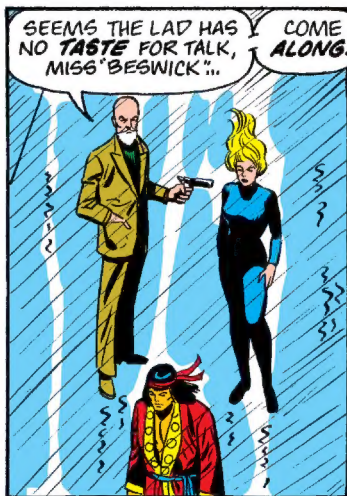
WELL, I HAD **SOME** EXPERIENCE IN THE **NAVY** -- DURING '**NAM.**

THEN YOU BETTER START PICKIN' YER **CREW**, CAPTAIN. WE'RE STILL A LONG WAY FROM THE **WHITE CLIFFS O' DOVER.**



SHANG-CHI... I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT MY ACTIONS DID NOT REFLECT MY **PERSONAL** FEELINGS. IT WAS NECESSARY TO ACQUIRE THE... **PAPERS...**

PERHAPS WE WILL HAVE A CHANCE TO TALK **AGAIN** ... SOMEDAY.



SEEMS THE LAD HAS NO **TASTE** FOR TALK, MISS '**BESWICK...**

COME **ALONG.**



"IN MY **CONCENTRATION**, THEN..."

"... I HAVE ... MISSED SOMETHING."

"THE **STORM** CONTINUES."

NEXT:

LONDON HOSTS THE DEADLY MENACE OF THE MANIACAL MAD-MAN CALLED **MORDILLO--** A VILLIAN TO BE **RECKONED WITH!** DON'T MISS THE DYNAMIC TALE WE DUB:

WICKED MESSENGER OF MADNESS!